The Sketch

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

EUROPEAN OBSERVER VIRGINIA COWLES.

*Wherever European trouble looked like boiling over there* MISS VIRGINIA COWLES *(New York "Herald-Tribune") has watched, criticised, recorded. This intrepid journalist has built her impressions up into the recently published "Looking for Trouble" (Hamish Hamilton), reviewed in this issue. In Prague, Berlin, Helsinki, Rome, Paris, Bucharest, and London she kept her finger on the pulse of war and made her diagnosis. And viewing the "Battle of Britain" from Dover cliffs she wrote a series of brilliant articles for London and New York.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

**Blowing Hot and Cold.** Shall I suddenly find myself in Brixton, for giving information to the enemy, if I mention that there was some time ago a rather warm spell? Well, I 've said it now, and I 'll stick to it; but perhaps it isn't necessary to dwell on the point, as you may have noticed it yourself. Jumping, for a brief space, out of the frying-pan of London into the fire—or, rather, the vapour-bath—of Rural England, I found it difficult to realise that not very long ago the poor little plums and apples and pears, not to mention the unfortunate inhabitants of these islands, had been fighting a gallant but hopeless battle against eleven degrees of frost. There were only three days in May when the sun gave so much as a hint of its existence. Once or twice the thermometer climbed to the dizzy height of 69, but for the most part it skulked round about 52. It will probably have dropped below that figure by the time these lines appear in print, but there was a moment when it felt as if it had reached its century and was still scoring freely all round the wicket. Well, there 'll always be an England, and there 'll always be an English climate, God bless it!

**Have a Heart!** All very well for you and me—we're hard-baked, having been alternately refrigerated and cooked all our lives, and also we are, I trust, philosophical; but what about the peas and potatoes and broad beans? And above all, what about the lettuces? I was proud of my guerilla bands of lettuces, ambushed hither and thither among the flowers, and all looking very youthful and healthy and full of promise and vitamins; and then one morning I awoke to find that they had all, with one consent, bolted. Their leaves were shooting up to the sky, like Jack's beanstalk, and there wasn't a heart among them. This is not the first time I have had to deprecate the behaviour of lettuces. There is no satisfying them. Give them no sun, and they sulk, and become mere also-rans, if not non-starters; give them sun, and they abandon themselves to sheer *joie de vivre,* quite forgetting that their purpose should be to provide good, firm hearts for my table and for the benefit of my health. Indeed, I notice this waywardness among all vegetables. They don't seem to realise their responsibilities to the human race at all. While it would be harsh to say that they bite the hand that feeds them, they won't let the hand that feeds them bite them, which is almost worse.

*"I say, old chap—any idea where I could lay my hands on some extra petrol?"*

**Appeasement?** Disillusioned as I am, I regard with considerable envy the two matrons of Westminster whom the Minister of Agriculture has delighted to honour. They are to have the first fruits of the "model" or "demonstration" allotments of Hyde Park, and it is a pleasing touch of the democratic spirit that the *petits pois* of Park Lane are to be consumed in St. Martin's Lane. How truly has the poet observed:

Peas just as green and fair  
May grow in Belgrave Square  
As in the purer air  
Of Seven Dials.

In my opinion, these housewives, whose deserts I do not question, have discovered the true secret of digging for victory. If the Ministry of Agriculture cares to take over my inconsiderable allotment for model or demonstration purposes, I shall not flinch from my patriotic duty of accepting—nay, and consuming—the first and all subsequent fruits.

**The Pitchfork.** We have all heard of turning swords into ploughshares, but the reverse process of turning pitchforks into anti-tank defences has, according to Sir Walter Monckton, no Scriptural authority and is not to be recommended. The analogy of the pitchfork, as applied to the Ministry of Information, is all too true, for the established method of that remarkable institution is to pitchfork people in and then pitchfork them out with equal celerity. Surely in all our political and administrative history there has never been such a grave of reputations as this. One ex-Cabinet Minister, one member of the present War Cabinet, six noble lords and six other persons of lesser degree, though of various grades of distinction, have swiftly come out by that same door wherein they went. In some cases, if you remember, they have just taken one rapid look round the works and called a taxi immediately.

And yet I feel impelled to point out this was one of the departments which had ample opportunity for preparation long long before the war began, and which had all the experience of an extremely successful predecessor in a previous war to draw upon.

But I suppose these things are not always so easy as they look!

**Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds.** It is universally admitted (even by Hitler himself) that in the Other War our propaganda, if not always too fastidious in its methods, was highly successful and deeply feared by our enemies. Why has this vital agency become such an object of universal criticism and dissatisfaction? There may be many causes, but I am convinced that one of the chief of them is the wanton multiplication of officials and departments and sub-departments. Anybody who has had anything to do with the Ministry of Information knows that there is a preposterous amount of overlapping and wasted labour. On the good old bureaucratic principle, six people have fingers in a pie which could easily be prepared and cooked by one, and the inevitable result is that the pie, if ever cooked at all, is *not* a dainty dish to set before a kingdom.

*"I think I'd like to try one of those Molotov cocktails."*

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

**Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.** And this process is going on everywhere. There are now thirty-five thousand officials employed by the Ministry of Food, and their total cost to the country is over six millions a year, which does not matter, apparently, in a war which is costing twice as much as that per day. It takes two thousand five hundred persons, in the wisdom of our organisation, to supervise the rationing of petrol, and their services are considered to be worth half a million of the nation's money. I hope they are, but I find it difficult to believe that they are really a good bargain at that price. And they are not likely to become fewer or cheaper, for the Jack-in-office, once invited, *comes to stay.*

**Yellow Peril.** I have before me—and I am still reeling from the shock—one of the greatest triumphs, to date, of these indefatigable servants of the community. There are men who can solve "Torquemada" in the twinkling of an eye; there are men who, after a rapid glance at Bradshaw, can tell you when a train starts, where it goes to, and when it arrives; there are men who can read a company balance-sheet and make sense of it; there are men who can, without a moment's hesitation, tell you how much is thirteen times sixteen and sevenpence-half-penny. But if there is in our midst any man or woman who can master the Ration Book Supplement, or "Spare Book"—or, in the vernacular, the Yellow Peril—to that man or woman I unhesitatingly hand the chocolate biscuit. The ordinary ration book is, to me, rich in mystery, but this latest product of febrile imagination leaves me gasping against the ropes. It is full of funny little squares stamped with cabalistic letters and figures or months to which there is not the slightest key. The only intelligible instruction which I can find on any page is "Not to be used until instructed." The last two pages are devoted to squares and figures which do not appear to be intended for anything except playing noughts-and-crosses. And the joke of it is that, even after constructing all this labyrinth, they forgot any space for the eggs! I daily render humble thanks that other and better brains than mine in my household have to cope with this nightmare. The idea of putting it in the hands of the simple and uneducated strikes me as the height, or depth, of official irony.

**Fireside Chats.**

I suppose we must have and shall have—for all I know, we *do* have—a series of jolly little fireside brightness from the B.B.C. on this gruesome subject. I observe that the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, which is a society of Income Tax collectors, is agitating for radio talks on Income Tax, "to help taxpayers fill up their forms and to point out all the allowances to which they are entitled." It will be remembered by all who have been well brought up that tax-gatherers are classed by the Scriptures as publicans and sinners. I have never thought them as bad as that. Challenge them on paper, and you will find them indeed men with hearts of stone. Deal with them personally, and you will find them surprisingly human, kind husbands and fathers, with little desire to oppress the widow and the orphan. Even the hangman is careful to give the condemned man the right amount of slack, and in the same humane spirit these slaves of painful duty are asking that their victims should at least have a square deal, and that the three million new and raw taxpayers should have some help in filling in forms which otherwise are utterly unintelligible to them. While I applaud this exhibition, from an unexpected quarter, of British Fair Play, I confess that the prospect of long winter evenings devoted to breezy chats on Income Tax, Ration Books, and the latest decrees of the Ministry of Home Security does *not*, for me, appreciably diminish the horrors of war.

**The Decline of Monogamy.** No moral or legal principle is more firmly embedded in the consciousness of Englishmen, the world over, than that a man may not marry his grandmother. However powerful the temptation, you will rarely find a Briton, worthy the name, departing from this lesson, learned at his mother's knee. But it does not appear to be accepted with equal unanimity that a man, being wedded to A, may not, at one and the same time, be wedded to B. This harsh rule, though often criticised, remains obstinately entrenched in our law, and during a war it invariably seems to become unpopular. Judges, whose thankless task it is to apply unpopular laws, are becoming seriously concerned about the decline of monogamy. One very sensible suggestion (as it seems to me) is that every prospective bride and bridegroom should produce his or her birth certificate. Every time you marry, you get your licence endorsed, and I presume that if you get it endorsed too often, it is suspended altogether. I don't know how practicable this would be, but I cannot help thinking that it would save a good many people going to prison, besides preventing much domestic confusion, if some sort of decree nisi could be pronounced before any marriage was made absolute.

*"And when it happened, I was wearing only about two coupons!"*

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

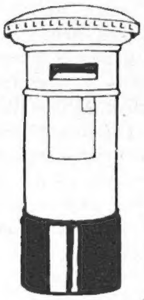
**The Dummy Bridegroom.**

We must not discourage the perpetuation of the race (though it is very arguable whether the human race, as it is behaving at present, deserves to be perpetuated), but it has always seemed to me that the real trouble in our matrimonial arrangements is not that divorce is too difficult, but that marriage is too easy. There is, however, another school of thought nowadays which holds that marriage is too difficult—at all events, for soldiers. Soldiers and sailors are well known to be men of affectionate dispositions—indeed, positive sitters for so experienced a marksman as Cupid—and it is very tiresome for them, and for all concerned, when they are prevented by military duties from attending at the altar where a bride adorned awaits them. It is therefore proposed that they should be enabled to marry by proxy. Well, I should be the last to interfere between husband (even *per pro.* husband) and wife, but I have never forgotten the moral of a ditty which was popular many years ago. It was called "Never Introduce Your Donah to a Pal." All I would say to members of the Forces who are contemplating this kind of *ersatz* matrimony is—choose your proxy with care. As some profound student of human nature has observed, you never can always sometimes tell. After all, it seems a little premature and unnecessary to join a co-respondent *before* marriage.

**Going to It.** If a man and a half can move a brick and a half in an hour and a half, how long will it take nine men to clear up a pile of five hundred "blitzed" bricks? The answer can only be worked out by logarithms, but it engaged the attention recently of a magistrate, before whom a witness deposed that he had kept observation for two and a half hours on a demolition squad of nine men, who in that time had shifted fifteen bricks. The spare time was devoted to a little general larceny. Thus some of our patriots "go to it," though I am happy to think that they are extremely unrepresentative of the demolitioners who have done such excellent work in clearing up after that untidy fellow, Goering.

# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I wonder if you remember my telling you how Hilary and Pops swept me into their Blood Room in our Cathedral City Hospital and drew a reluctant drop from my ear ?

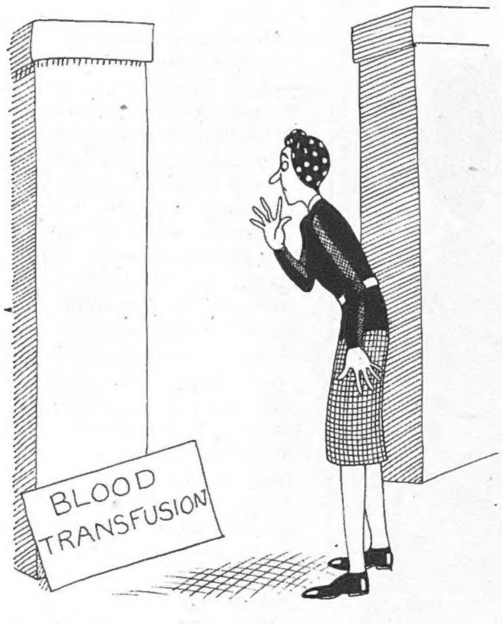
I have had to pay dearly for this girlish prank, let me tell you, my dear Robert, and you can imagine my horror when I got a post-card telling me I was urgently needed to give a blood transfusion at the Cottage Hospital on the following Tuesday.

Charles was very cross when I told him about it. " You shouldn't let yourself in for this sort of thing, Henrietta," he said. " You know perfectly well that it 's Evensong's night out. Supposing you want to lie down or something when you get home ? Who 's going to get the dinner ? "

I said I would ask Evensong to change her day, and did people ever die giving their blood ?

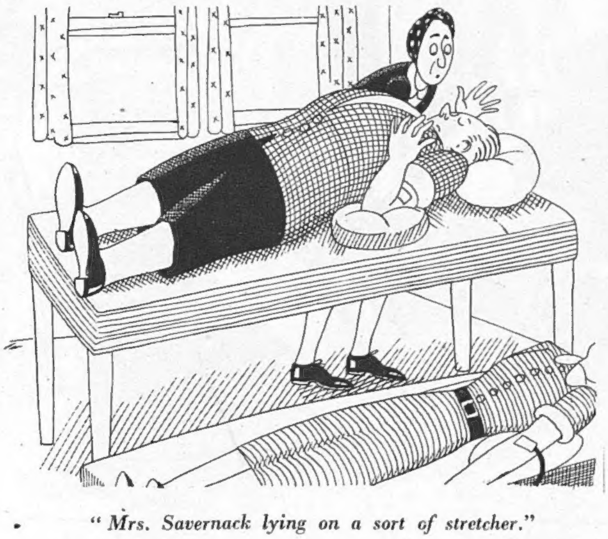
At this Charles and the Linnet, who was home for the day, went off into shrieks of laughter and said, " Not very often."

Tuesday found me in a considerable state of nerves. " Don't worry," said Charles kindly. " Any weakness or discomfort you may feel will be purely psychological, and you may get a glass of beer when it is all over."




*" I crept up to the hospital."*

At 3 p.m. I dressed myself carefully in the quiet clothes suitable to a Donor, and crept up to the Hospital. The first thing I saw as I walked in at the door was Mrs. Savernack lying on a sort of stretcher and apparently dying. As I bent over her and took her hand, I suddenly realised how fond I was of her, and regretted all the unkind things I had said about her in the past.



*" Mrs. Savernack lying on a sort of stretcher."*

Mrs. Savernack opened her eyes and said, " Where 's that cup of tea ? "

" Here you are," said an exquisite V.A.D., appearing round the corner.

" There 's a lot to be said for the old custom of blood-letting," said Mrs. Savernack heartily, smacking her lips as she handed back the empty cup. " Hullo, Henrietta ! What are you goggling at ? You don't mean to say you 're going to try and give some blood ? "

" I shall try, and no doubt I shall succeed," I said with dignity, for Mrs. Savernack's continual assumption that I am unable to perform any useful duty is annoying, and I stopped regretting all the unkind things I had said about her in the past. As I was led away, I heard her say in a loud whisper, " You 'll have trouble with that woman."

Determined, after this, to give my very life blood without a murmur, I lay down on a stretcher, bared my arm, and turned away my head. A young R.A.M.C. Lieutenant appeared and various things were done which I tried not to think about. " Keep on clenching and unclenching your hand," he said kindly. " It prevents that unpleasant bubbling sensation."

I clenched and unclenched my hand as hard as I could, for I found the bubbling sensation very unpleasant indeed, and the R.A.M.C. Lieutenant said, " That 's right—you 're getting along nicely." He had golden hair and was so like you, Robert, at the age of twenty-five, that I could hardly take my eyes off him.

I lay on my stretcher and decided that this Blood Transfusion business was child's play. It wasn't hurting, the bubbling sensation had stopped, the sun shone on the Lieutenant's hair, and my V.A.D. sat beside me, a model of efficiency and comfort. Various people lay about on stretchers, looking yellow but quite calm ; and, contrary to my expectations, Blood was not being splashed all over the walls. Indeed, if you averted your eyes from sinister red bottles rotating in a sort of dignified dance on gramophones beside each bed, you might think the whole thing was nothing more than a cosy, communal siesta.

" All right ? " said the R.A.M.C. Lieutenant. How bored he was with Blood ! I felt so sorry for him. I wanted to say " My heart bleeds for you," only it seemed rather a silly expression under the circumstances.

I turned my head and took a look at my V.A.D. sitting beside me so neat, sweet and calm, and I glowed with pride in the Old Regiment. " I was a V.A.D. in the last war," I said, " but I never did anything exciting like this."

" Exciting ? " said the V.A.D. with a sigh. So she was bored with Blood too.

I wanted to tell her how splendid I thought she and the other V.A.D.s were, and recount the story of how, in 1917, I had raised a small blister on a soldier's foot with a hot-water bottle, and what Sister had said, but it seemed too much trouble somehow. And suddenly a sweat broke out on me. I could feel it trickling down inside my shirt. " Psychological be blowed, Charles ! " I said to myself. " I 'm dying."

" All over," said the V.A.D. brightly, and she bent my arm up. " Like a cup of tea ? "

" No," I said.

This seemed to shake her, and she took one of my pillows away, loosened the belt of my cardigan, and held smelling-salts under my nose.

" I think you 'd better put some of that blood back," I said weakly.

" Keep perfectly still," said the Lieutenant, who had, presumably, witnessed so many blood-transfusion deaths that he wasn't going to start getting excited over mine.

But I didn't die. After a time I sat up and had some delicious tea out of a thick white mug. Mrs. Savernack poked her head round the door. " Have any trouble with her ? " she asked hopefully.

I looked imploringly at my V.A.D. and the Lieutenant. They looked at me, and then they looked at each other. " None at all," they said together and very firmly.

I hope they both get George Crosses.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

*" Sat up and had some delicious tea."*

"GO STEADY WITH 'IM. 'E'S KNOWN AROUND 'ERE AS DEVASTATIN' DICK!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

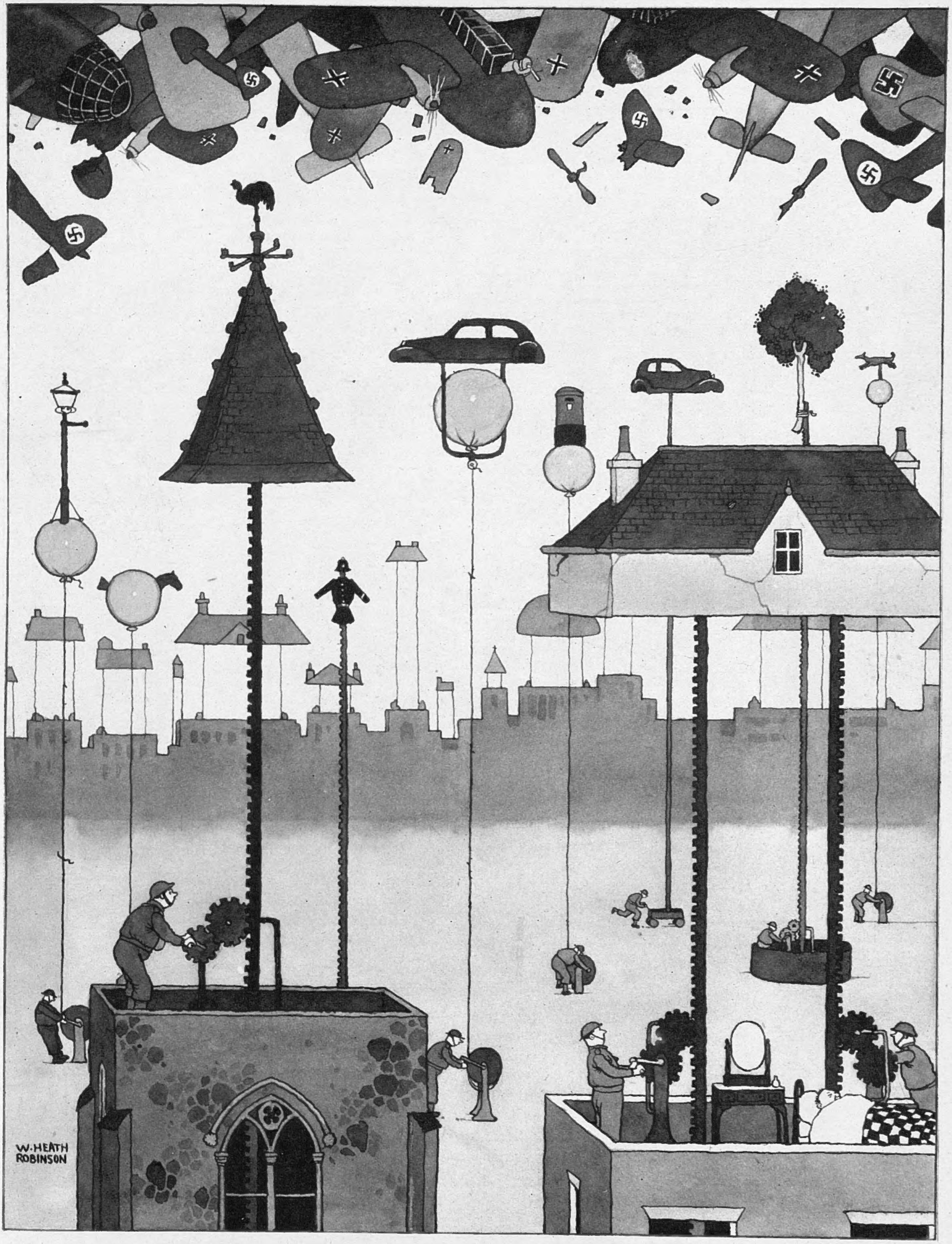
## LANGUE PATRONNE.

*Boil or steam one large cauliflower until tender. Fry lightly in margarine one slice of tongue per person, cut into medium-sized pieces ; remove tongue and keep hot.*

*Mix the fat with two level dessertspoonfuls of flour (away from the fire) until a smooth paste is obtained ; place back on the fire and stir in two cupfuls of the cauliflower water, in which an Oxo cube has been dissolved. Bring to the boil. Add the pieces of tongue, season to taste, and leave to simmer, stirring from time to time, for ten minutes. Strain the cauliflower well, place in a large soufflé or other dish and pour the sauce round ; it can be served separately if preferred. Don't keep it waiting or the sauce will grow a displeasing skin ; also, cauliflowers cool very quickly.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

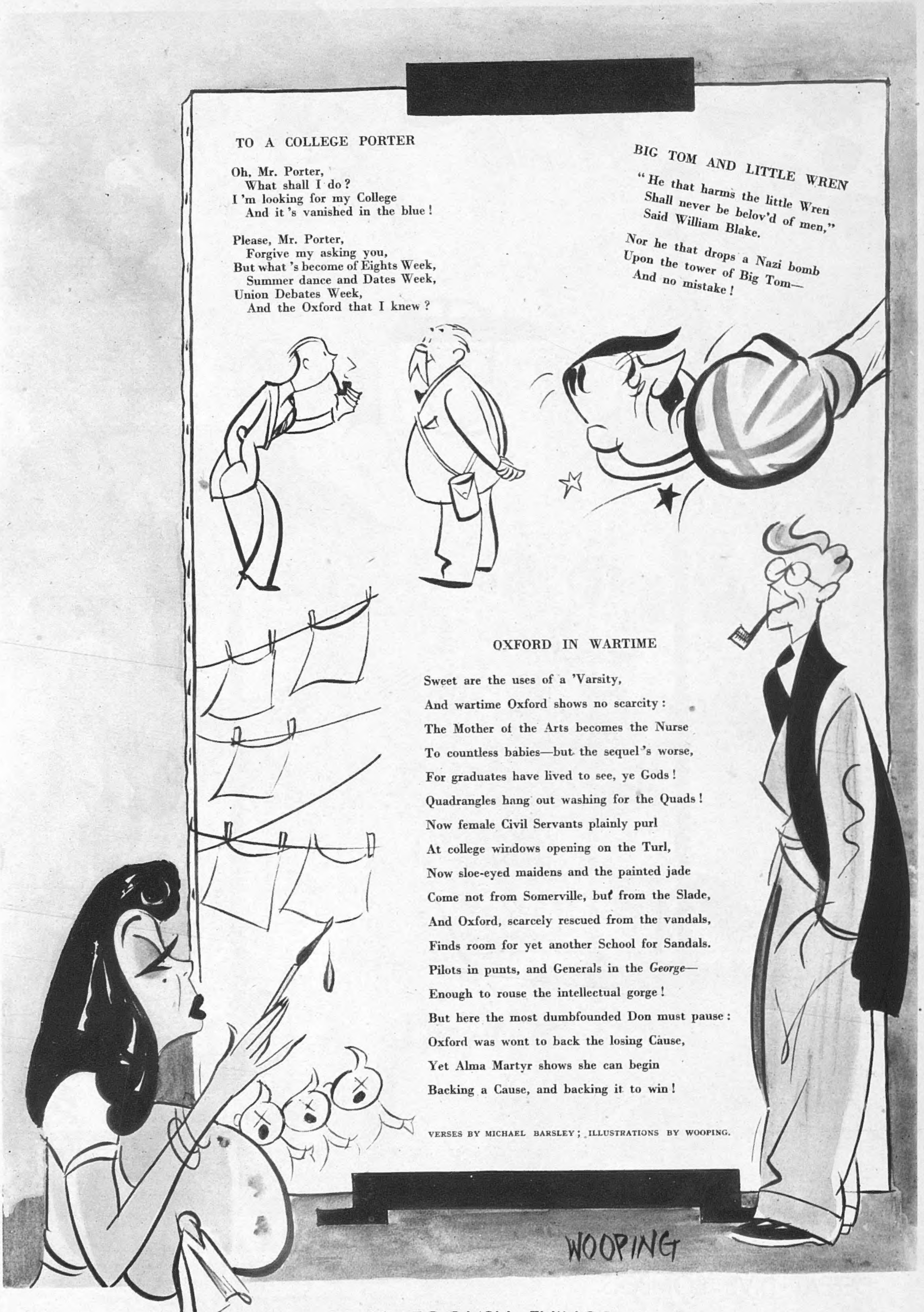
UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 10. LANGUE PATRONNE.




# THE ROOF-RAISING DEFENCE TO DEFEAT DIVE-BOMBERS.

*W. Heath Robinson's latest device to defeat the dive-bombers is a roof-raising story! By means of an ingenious system of cogs, balloons and other lifting machinery, he believes that it will be possible completely to upset the dive-bomber pilots' calculations as to their height from the ground.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.




### TO A COLLEGE PORTER

Oh, Mr. Porter,
What shall I do?
I'm looking for my College
And it's vanished in the blue!

Please, Mr. Porter,
Forgive my asking you,
But what's become of Eights Week,
Summer dance and Dates Week,
Union Debates Week,
And the Oxford that I knew?

### BIG TOM AND LITTLE WREN

"He that harms the little Wren
Shall never be belov'd of men,"
Said William Blake.

Nor he that drops a Nazi bomb
Upon the tower of Big Tom—
And no mistake!

### OXFORD IN WARTIME

Sweet are the uses of a 'Varsity,
And wartime Oxford shows no scarcity:
The Mother of the Arts becomes the Nurse
To countless babies—but the sequel's worse,
For graduates have lived to see, ye Gods!
Quadrangles hang out washing for the Quads!
Now female Civil Servants plainly purl
At college windows opening on the Turl,
Now sloe-eyed maidens and the painted jade
Come not from Somerville, but from the Slade,
And Oxford, scarcely rescued from the vandals,
Finds room for yet another School for Sandals.
Pilots in punts, and Generals in the *George*—
Enough to rouse the intellectual gorge!
But here the most dumbfounded Don must pause:
Oxford was wont to back the losing Cause,
Yet Alma Martyr shows she can begin
Backing a Cause, and backing it to win!

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

"THIS YEAR? NEXT YEAR . . . ?"

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT *is having a rose day all to herself as she pulls the fragrant petals one by one, and asks, as little girls have done since time immemorial, "This year? Next year? Sometime? Never?" Our youngest Princess is the only daughter of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and was born on December 25, 1936.*

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WALT DISNEY'S "FANTASIA" is here at last, and is likely to set all critical London by the ears. Coming out of the Press show, I overheard half-a-dozen conflicting opinions in as many minutes. One man was so excited by it that he couldn't see the edge of the pavement. Another was so outraged that he didn't care if he never saw it. A low-brow remarked that the highbrows would adore it. A highbrow opined that it should go down well with the lowbrows. Several voices hailed it as a revolution, something entirely new in cinema. A weary veteran observed that Len Lye had done the same thing years ago.

I suspect that the public's chief difficulty, in all this mass of argument, will be to discover exactly what "Fantasia" is, what they will see if they visit it, as they certainly will. Well, this is what they will see. As the curtains part, there are sounds of an unseen orchestra tuning up, and gradually the empty screen fills with silhouettes and shadows. One by one in the picture the members of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra file into their places at the music stands. A Technicolor spotlight picks out first this instrument and then that. Presently a middle-aged professorial man in evening dress detaches himself from the shadows and turns to address the audience.

He introduces himself as Deems Taylor, the commentator. He welcomes us on behalf of Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowsky to "an entirely new form of entertainment." He gives a brief, academic homily on music of various types, and explains that the films we are about to watch are impressions, sometimes abstract and sometimes in picture form, of what we might see as we listened to certain musical compositions.

The introduction over, Conductor Stokowsky himself steps up to the rostrum in an aureole of light, taps for silence, raises his arms, and leads the orchestra into their first number. Thereafter, with a short interval, we listen to a programme of classical music for two and a quarter hours. There are eight separate numbers, each illustrated by Walt Disney and his staff according to their special fancy. Just after the interval there is a human little break while the boys of the orchestra amuse themselves with impromptu swing—a "jam session," they call these things in the States. But most of the time the musicians take their job, as they should, very seriously. The chosen music consists of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Tchaikowsky's "Casse Noisette" Suite, Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," Beethoven's Sixth Symphony (the Pastoral), Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

How does Disney "see" these compositions? What images do they call up in his mind?—for we must assume that the pictures he gives the audience are reflections of his own thought. His responses are varied and often startling. Bach gives him abstract shapes, cascades and spears of light, great rolling waves of colour, the sort of changing, un-finite images that drift behind your eyelids just before sleep overtakes you. Tchaikowsky suggests to him a Silly Symphony, with flowers and toadstools and slim, sexless elves touching the gossamer to light. The "Sorcerer's Apprentice" turns out to be a Mickey Mouse cartoon, no more and no less. Stravinsky takes us back to the age of lava and the dinosaur.

*"Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," M.-G.-M. film at the Empire, stars* KATHRYN GRAYSON *and* MICKEY ROONEY. *Andy with Kathryn Land and her brother are at school together, hoping to graduate. Andy is right at the top, head of masses of committees, and president and treasurer of the senior class. Owing to delinquency on her father's part, Kathryn finds herself stranded, but through the good offices of Judge Hardy* (LEWIS STONE) *she becomes Andy's private secretary. She is efficient and Andy becomes an ardent admirer.*

*Andy is so hard-worked over his committees that he fails in English. Kathryn and her brother also miss their chance to graduate; but after a series of complications all three get another chance.*

The noble music of Beethoven is apparently associated for Disney with the coy flirting of centaurs and centaurettes on Mount Olympus, a sprawling Bacchus, and Kewpies bedded down in cloud. The Ponchielli ballet is danced as a burlesque by ostriches, elephants, crocodiles, and hippos in ballet skirts. The Moussorgsky is sheer hags' revel, and the Schubert has the reedy emotional quality of an organ with the *vox humana* stop out. Slender trees, Corinthian pillars and a glow of lemon torches lead us into the full glory of a Technicolor dawn, while the camera gives us the sense of climbing, flying.

That is a brief outline of the idea of "Fantasia." Is it a good idea? Personally, I don't think so. I am inclined to write "Fantasia" off as one of Disney's least successful pictures. It has brilliant moments. The Mickey Mouse is first-rate. The colour and draughtsmanship in the Tchaikowsky sequence are as good as anything this fine artist has ever done. I liked the Bach abstracts, too, although the idea isn't new. But there are many other moments that seem to me both ill-drawn and ugly. The Stravinsky I found a crashing bore. The Beethoven I thought in execrable taste. Again and again through the film's long course I was aware of the traits I have always liked least in Disney—the come-hither eye, the torso touch, the campus coyness, the sophistication of the macabre. You may disagree with me entirely. That is your privilege and Disney's right. But I can't help wishing that the cartoonist had kept to his original plan, of making "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" as a simple Mickey Mouse short. He would be well advised in future, I think, to stick to the barnyard and avoid Beethoven.

*In "The Great American Broadcast" (Gaumont, Haymarket), Twentieth Century-Fox have produced a successor to "Tin Pan Alley" with the same stars,* JOHN PAYNE *as Rix Martin,* ALICE FAYE *as Vicki Adams, and* JACK OAKIE *as Chuck Hadley. War veterans Chuck and Rix are struggling to make a living by broadcasting, and success seems near till Rix marries Vicki, when the partners separate and operate rival stations. Rix goes bankrupt and Vicki, joining Chuck's station, becomes No. 1 radio star of the day. Cesar Romero is the fourth star of this film, for which Mack Gordon and Harry Warren have written seven new song-hits.*

Andy Hardy gets perilously near to crime in "ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY" (Empire), and it is an awesome thought that before long we may have the heart-rending spectacle of the good judge sentencing his own son to the penitentiary. Of course, the crime, the altering of a date on a telegraph form, is a purely nominal one, and done with the best possible motives, but it strengthens us in our belief that a life as busily executive as Andy's is bound, in the end, to lead to trouble. Never has the heir of the Hardys been so busy, so magisterial an organiser, as he is in the current work. So clamorous in fact, are

the calls on his time as chairman of the school entertainments committee, that he has to engage a private secretary. The choice falls on a Miss Kathryn Grayson, a newcomer to the series. Miss Grayson's advent tangles up the Hardy affairs, but does a great deal for the picture. Whatever her stenographic qualities may be, the young lady can sing like a bird, acts delightfully and suggests a modest and engaging personality.

The plot, such as it is, concerns the trouble over the altered telegram, Andy's failure and second chance to pass his examinations, and all the solemn and soul-torn perplexities of youth about to graduate. "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," I suppose, marks a climax in the series. After nine homely chronicles of domestic and scholastic life in Carvel, the young man finds himself on the threshold of life, a bit diminutive, a bit *jejune* perhaps, but still a graduate. "What will happen to Andy next," says his director, George Seitz, "is still a matter of conjecture. Whether he will go directly to college or work a year first, away from the family, is a problem which is yet to be settled." Personally, I feel it will be no time at all before we see him firmly established in the White House. (Can't you see the bills: "Andy Hardy Runs for President"?) The only certainty is that the series will go on.

"LADY WITH RED HAIR" *(Warner Theatre) is the story of Mrs. Leslie Carter* (MIRIAM HOPKINS) *who, divorced from her husband and separated from her child, goes on the stage to make money and try to regain her boy. With a letter of introduction to David Belasco* (CLAUDE RAINS), *she arrives in New York and asks him to write a play for her. Amused, Belasco promises; but forgets, so Caroline storms into his office again.*

Honey-haired Miriam Hopkins plays the lady with red hair in "THE LADY WITH RED HAIR" (Warner's). The title will mean little or nothing to modern British audiences, who have forgotten, if they ever knew, the shindies that surrounded the stage career of American Mrs. Leslie Carter round about the turn of the century. This Mrs. Carter, the film reminds us, was a notorious divorcée of the 'nineties who became an actress through the cruel and unjustified action of the Courts in taking her child away from her. Pursuing her chosen career through the usual antics and privations of theatrical boarding-house life, and the chastening rigours of rehearsal, she eventually becomes "the greatest actress in the world" under the tuition of impresario David Belasco (Claude Rains).

Other things happen in the film, of course: filial ingratitude, professional tantrums, late true love with a young stock actor (our own Richard Ainley), and a lifelong, beautiful friendship between Mrs. C., the lady with red hair, and Mr. B., the *maestro* with the clerical collar. On the whole, though, it is a plodding and rather episodic story, a little dimmed, perhaps, by the passage of time and our own current occupation with rather more pressing problems. It is only fair, though, to pass on to you the assurance of the publicity department that "for the sake of accuracy in such a theatrically emotional effort, the studio hired as technical director the man who for thirty-six years was Mrs. Leslie Carter's husband." A beautiful thought, we feel, beautifully put.

*Caroline's next* première *is brilliant, but she has lost her boy's love, and one night in Chicago, on being hissed by the audience, she stops the play and makes an impassioned and successful appeal for a hearing. Later she stars in Europe and becomes an international legend. Her marriage to Lou enrages Belasco, but reconciliation comes, and happiness.*

20th Century's Darryl Zanuck, who has never grown too old to want to take things to pieces and see how they tick, examines the origins of American radio in "THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST" (Gaumont). According to his researches, the industry was born in 1919 in a New Jersey thunderstorm, when aviator John Payne, engineer Jack Oakie and night-club singer Alice Faye, backed by Cesar Romero's money, launched the first broadcast from the roof of a disused factory.

With the enterprising coverage of the world's championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Jess Willard—for which actual contemporary newsreel shots are used—our team of pioneers seems set for the Halls of Fame, not to mention a nice little sum of money. But love—this being, after all, a movie—jams the ether waves. Miss Faye marries Mr. Payne, thus estranging Mr. Oakie, who wants her too. The team splits. Mr. Oakie goes up, and Mr. Payne goes down. Miss Faye, in a well-meaning but rather tactless attempt to get backing from the rich Mr. Romero, complicates things still more. Reno looms on the horizon, until good Mr. Oakie, now just the eternal boy-friend, takes a hand, uniting the pair before several million witnesses in the first nation-wide American hook-up.

The film, which is obviously planned as a successor to "Tin Pan Alley," although without Miss Betty Grable's cool curves, manages to work in four song numbers, and several vaudeville acts by the Wiere Brothers, the Nicholas Brothers and the Ink Spots. Mr. Oakie mugs exuberantly, and Miss Faye suffers a lot of heartbreak, which gives her throbbing, contralto voice a chance to do its speciality. Personally, I thought the film, as a whole, supremely trivial, but then, I have often felt the same about the American radio which it enshrines.

Miss Faye appears again, but to little avail, in "THAT NIGHT IN RIO," at the Odeon. She works in a song or two here, as well, but suffers from a bad part, the wrong shade of Technicolor lipstick and the proximity of Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian bombshell." If you saw Miss Miranda in "Argentine Nights," you will recognise that she can out-sing, out-grimace, out-dance and out-claw most people who are on the set with her.

*After strenuous rehearsal Caroline becomes an actress, but her first night is a failure. Lou Payne, handsome young actor, wants to marry her, but she refuses when Belasco turns up and says he has the very part for her in another play.*

In "That Night in Rio," she appears as the fiancée and partner of a night-club entertainer (Don Ameche), Miss Faye as the wife of a South American banker (Don Ameche again). Mr. Ameche I., for reasons that are entirely clear only to the scenario writers, impersonates Mr. Ameche II. in his home and place of business. But, lest cheeks blush in the loges, Mr. Ameche II. comes back in time to impersonate Mr. Ameche I. in his wife's bedroom on the special night of the title.

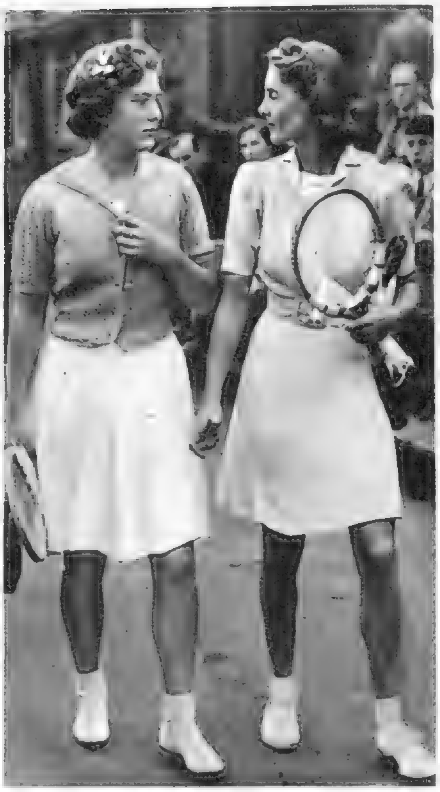
These successive impersonations prove an embarrassment to Miss Faye, who never knows, poor girl, just when she 's coming and when she 's going. She turns pale frequently, and clutches an enamelled telephone to her corsage. Miss Miranda, a tougher type, isn't embarrassed at all. She 's just plain mad. She twists her wide, scarlet mouth, bares her magnificent teeth and wiggles her eyebrows like the Demon King in pantomime.

The most completely successful picture of the week is probably a war effort of our own, called "TARGET FOR TO-NIGHT" (Empire and Gaumont). This, as the title suggests, is a story of Bomber Command. It was made under the joint auspices of the R.A.F., the Ministry of Information and the Crown Film Unit, that ardent little band of workers who turned out, among other things, "London Can Take It," "Christmas Under Fire," and "Merchant Seamen."

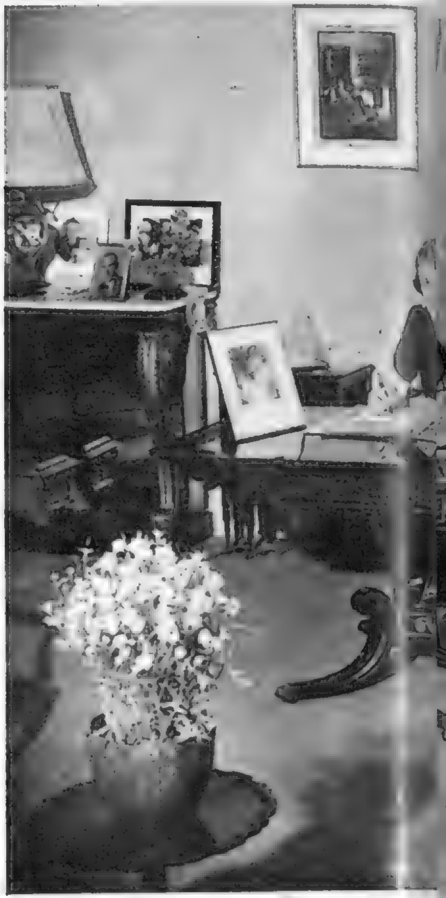
"Target for To-night" describes, quite simply, the preparation and execution of a night's work with the Bomber Command, from the moment when the reconnaissance 'plane first drops the negatives of the target to the return of the raiding squadrons. Granted it 's a big night, a night calling for a maximum effort. But the film leaves the main flight, follows the course of a single Wellington picked for a special job. F-for-Freddie is the name of our bomber. We see it detailed and prepared for the night's work. We see the men who bomb it up, and the men who fly it. It goes out, does its job, and it comes back again. Marvellously, modestly, "Target for To-night" brings to life the men who are fighting Britain's battle in the air.

# CAMERA NEWS - REEL OF THE WEE[K]

MR. DAVID CRICHTON, *Derbyshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, is engaged to* MISS JOAN FENELLA CLEAVER, *only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel D. Cleaver.*



MISS JEAN NICOLL *and* MISS KAY STAMMERS *(in private life Mrs. Menzies) took part in the lawn tennis matches at Queen's in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund.*



MRS. A. V. ALEXANDER, *wife of the First Lord ... Sailors' Society and M...*

*The marriage of* MISS MARGARET HELEN THORNE, *daughter of Lieut.-General Andrew and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, to* CAPTAIN THE HON. NEVILLE WIGRAM, *elder son of Lord and Lady Wigram, took place at St. Andrew's Church, Sonning-on-Thames.*

*The marriage of* FLIGHT LIEUT. TERENCE WELDON, R.A.F., *to* MISS SUZANNE HOPKINSON, *daughter of Mr. C. Hopkinson, took place recently. Our group shows* CAPTAIN THOMAS WELDON, FLIGHT LIEUT. SIR ANTHONY WELDON, BT., *and the bride and bridegroom.*

# NOTABLE PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS.

*...dmiralty, organised the flag day for the British ... Seamen held last week.*

MRS. JOHN G. WINANT, *wife of H.E. the American Ambassador, presented the Sports Day prizes at Buckingham College, Harrow.* RONALD McLEAN, *head boy of the school, is a tall fifteen-year-old.*

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *wife of the Prime Minister, presented gallantry certificates to personnel of the Port of London Authority for bravery in air raids.* MISS MARGARET DOUGLAS, *of the River Emergency Service, received one.*

THE QUEEN *recently accompanied the King on a visit to a British aircraft factory which, before the war, made domestic radio sets. Our photograph shows her Majesty chatting to the girls who work there. During their tour the royal visitors noticed the V sign chalked up in many places.*

*The marriage of* LIEUT. DAVID F. R. BOSANQUET, R.A., *to* MISS JUNE PARK, *daughter of Mr. Bertram Park, the distinguished camera artist, and Mrs. Bertram Park, took place at Pinner Parish Church.*

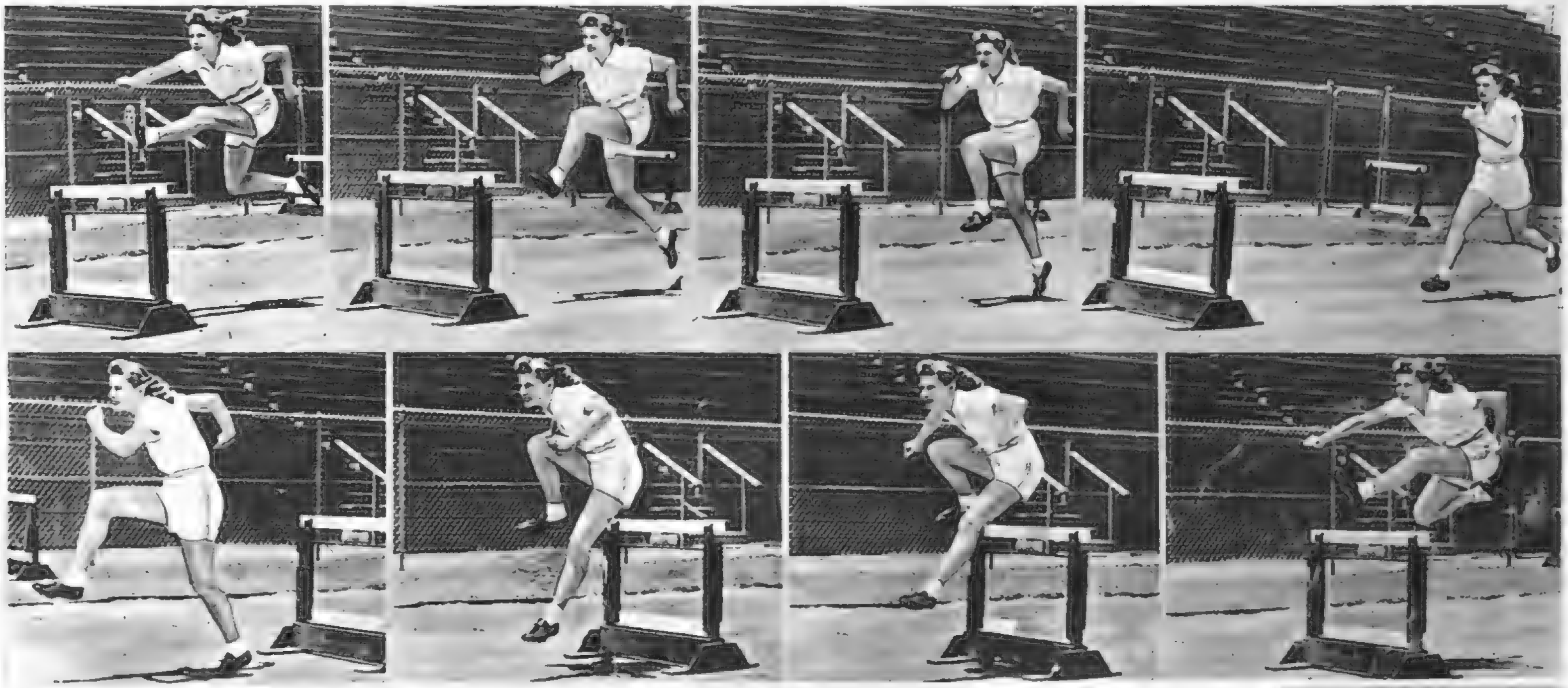
# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ANN SHERIDAN—*for letting the photographer get a kick out of the sitting.*

IN a moment of ebullience film-star ANN SHERIDAN kicked off her slipper, and the act and the footwear were neatly caught on his plate by the cameraman.

JANE WYMAN, movie star, finding the recent heat-wave a shade too much for her, leapt fully clothed into the waters of San Pedro Harbour. She is an excellent swimmer, and the ducking did her no end of good.

JANE WYMAN—*for finding a full-dress ducking no hardship.*



MRS. MARGUERITE MEADOWS—*for showing perfect form over the hurdles.*

THESE SUMMER-TIME GIRLS—*for their spray solution of the bare leg question.*

MRS. MARGUERITE MEADOWS, wife of a former University of Southern California hurdling champion, has been trained by him to take the hurdle with perfect timing. Follow the pictures, and you find her—approaching, ready for lift, left leg high, driving, cleanly over, on the way down, hitting the cinders, and on to the next, in sequence.

A SOUTH LONDON STORES has opened a Bare Leg Beauty Bar. Here, in a South Seas setting, girls can have their legs sprayed with a new kind of sun-tan lotion at 3d. a leg. The disappearance of silk stockings makes the bar a timely and popular place.

PATTI McCARTY was film-star Dorothy Lamour's secretary. Now she has been signed on by Columbia Pictures on a term contract. She doesn't mean to take to the sarong, like her recent employer, but the two-piece pareo suit has a Hawaii flavour which seems familiar.

PATTI McCARTY—*for rocketing from secretary to star.*

# GIRLS OF THE NEW BRIGADE.

A.T.S. GIRLS, *who now rank as members of the Armed Forces of the Crown, are employed in certain operational categories with heavy anti-aircraft batteries in the A.-A. Command. They carry out their duties with the predictor, the height-finder and as spotters and wireless operators. This picture, taken during a visit to a gun site, shows the girls at the central control post in the foreground and at work on the height-finder in the background. They wear khaki battledress to "man" their posts.*

# IN THE FRENCH TAS

John Everard is a camera artist who is always breaking ne an
"Judgement of Paris," presents a series of studies of es.
"the city of beautiful women," and says that he had alwa to
the forty-eight pictures in "Judgement of Paris" were made th

REPRODUCED FROM "JUDGEMENT OF PA E

## AN OCTET OF BEAUTY.

and seeking to give a fresh angle on beauty. His latest book,
es. In his preface he points out that Paris is often called
to go there with his camera. His chance came in wartime, and
the tragic fall of France and thus have a special nostalgic appeal.

EVERARD. PUBLISHED BY JOHN ROUTLEDGE.

HERMIONE GINGOLD *in* "*Lunch Ballet.*"

HERMIONE BADDELEY *and* WALTER CRISHAM *in* "QUEERies."

HERMIONE GINGOLD *and* HENRY KENDALL *in* "*Tapestry Piece.*"

BILLY THATCHER, HERMIONE BADDELEY *and* ERIC MICKLEWOOD *in* "*The Rage of Chelsea.*"

HERMIONE BADDELEY *and* HERMIONE GINGOLD *in* "*Under Their Hats.*"

HERMIONE GINGOLD *in* "*Music Talk,*" *a number written by herself.*

HERMIONE BADDELEY *and* HENRY KENDALL *in* "*Office Hours.*"

CAROLE LYNNE *gives Val Guest's song,* "*Oomph,*" *with grace and gusto.*

# "RISE ABOVE IT," WITH TWO HERMIONES.

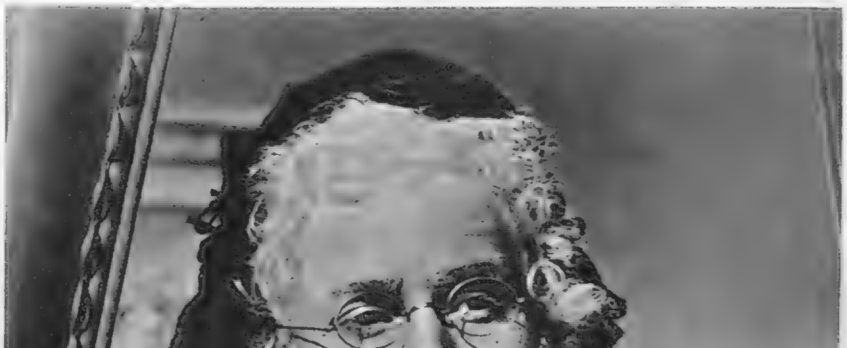
"RISE ABOVE IT," *the revue at the Comedy by Leslie Julian Jones with additional numbers by Manning Sherwin, Val Guest and others, is a highly entertaining topical show with the two Hermiones—Baddeley and Gingold—as chief stars, and Walter Crisham, Carole Lynne, Henry Kendall and other clever and decorative people to support them. On this page we give a selection from the thirty-one well-contrasted items which make up the programme.*

# FIFTY YEARS ON IN FIVE MINUTES!

BARBARA STANWYCK *wears this lovely period costume in one of the sequences of "The Great Man's Lady," in which she appears as a young woman.*

BARBARA STANWYCK *and* JOEL McCREA *as the young lovers in "The Great Man's Lady."*

*Years roll by and the erstwhile young lovers become an old lady and gentleman.*



BARBARA STANWYCK *has to age to 109, and is here seen as the wrinkled centenarian, bespectacled and lace-lappeted.*

BARBARA STANWYCK has to wear the most aged make-up ever placed on the face of a feminine screen-star in "The Great Man's Lady," new Paramount picture soon to be seen in London, for in some of the sequences she appears as a woman of 109. This is not her first experience in wrinkles, for she had to be aged-up to about fifty in "Stella Dallas" some years ago. One hundred and nine, however, is a tougher proposition, and the head of the studio make-up department, Wally Westmore, says that to take Barbara Stanwyck up and down the age-scale as he has to do for this picture is one of the hardest jobs he has ever had. She appears as a girl, a young woman, a middle-aged one and an old, old lady, and has to wear intricate make-up to give a convincing effect of antiquity. Her part is a strong contrast to the rôle she has just played in glamorous "The Lady Eve."

# THE NEW AMBASSADOR'S REVUE.

THE NEW AMBASSADOR'S REVUE *has a programme consisting of thirty-five numbers presented at top speed. Here's the opening scene of the Anna Duse ballet to Temple Abady music,* "LADY IN SEARCH OF AN ONION." *The shopkeeper* (CHARLES HAWTREY) *has just told the ladies of the* Corps de Ballet *that he has no onions to-day.*

*" While you do share shelves with me, will you please squeeze my toothpaste from the bottom, Mr. Price ? "* JOAN SWINSTEAD *in " I Obey, But——"*

*Right : Grand opera with no music—" so significant ! "* MADGE ELLIOTT *and* JOAN SWINSTEAD *in " Violetta," by Desmond Davis.*

MOIRA KENNETT, première danseuse *of " Lady in Search of an Onion," vamps the greengrocer and gets her onion.*

*The shopkeeper* (CHARLES HAWTREY) *of the Onion Ballet, with the fascinating lady* (MOIRA KENNETT).

# HIGH-SPEED SHOW OF WIT AND GRACE.

*" A misprint in the Parish Magazine has caused a rise in circulation."*
MADGE ELLIOTT *and* BETTY ANN DAVIES *in " Clerical Error."*

*" Indiarubber," the finale of the first half of the programme, with* ROBERTA HUBY *and* BETTY ANN DAVIES *in the foreground.*

*" [illegible] them my buns with strychnine in them . . . ":* ERNEST THESIGER *and* CHARLES HAWTREY *as " The Amazons."*

*" Domestic Tragedy " :* ERNEST THESIGER *sings the sad ditty, how " I Bust My Bust."*

*Left : " Your tiny hand is frozen " :* CHARLES HAWTREY *and* MADGE ELLIOTT *in " Violetta."*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

CHILDHOOD and youth against a background of the herring fishery in the North of Scotland: these are the main ingredients in Mr. Neil Gunn's new novel "The Silver Darlings." He has already shown himself the novelist — and the poet — of romantic, lyrical, day-dreaming adolescence, and here these qualities are heightened by an historical setting. The story begins just before the Battle of Waterloo, when the herring industry, too, was in its youth. We do not hear much about the Napoleonic wars, although in a sense they determine the course of the story, for had not Finn's father been snatched from his boat by a naval press-gang, the boy's life might have taken a different course. Perhaps, however, nothing would have kept him from the sea, for it was in his blood; and the evictions of the crofters at the hands of self-seeking, sheep-raising landlords made a new form of livelihood for the evicted not only desirable, but imperative. The men with whom the fatherless Finn grew up were not the kind to refuse any challenge; they were a tough lot, and Roddie, the boy's idol, was one of the toughest. When Finn's mother, Catrine, left her home, Roddie's mother, Kirsty, gave her another. Here Finn was born and brought up; here Kirsty caught the "plague" and died, in spite of Catrine's nursing. It was from here that Finn walked thirty miles to Wick to get the prescription which may have saved his mother's life—the first considerable adventure in a series of adventures which befell him, mostly on the sea in quest of herring. "Silver darlings" they were affectionately called, in allusion to their colour and the coin they put into the pockets of the fishermen.

**Estrangements.** Finn was a member of Roddie's crew, and at first his staunchest admirer, but there was a quality in Roddie of uncompromising masculine self-assertion which the emerging male in Finn found increasingly difficult to stomach. When to this was added the knowledge, imparted in two unfortunate coincidences, that Roddie and Finn's mother were in love, Finn's idolatry of his former hero turned to something like hate, a feeling which soon extended to his mother. Driven into himself by this painful estrangement from the two people he had loved most, Finn began to mature more rapidly; yet even so, his interest in Una was remarkably slow to develop, for she was shy, too, and in these parts courtship was not a thing to be undertaken lightly. Love was as serious a concern as money-making, and accompanied by the same surface chaff and inward excitement.

*Here is the latest recruit to the office of Minister of Information, the* RT. HON. BRENDAN BRACKEN, P.C., M.P., *Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister since 1940. Mr. Bracken has Fleet Street experience behind him—an asset which has not so far distinguished the long line of heads of the M.O.I. He is forty years old, and was photographed outside No. 10, Downing Street.*

**Then and Now.**

The charm of Mr. Gunn's work lies in his delicate natural response to feelings which are utterly unsophisticated but full of instinctive wisdom. He is a romantic writer who does not need to create an ideal world. His account of the herring fishery is entirely realistic; so realistic, indeed, that he rather loses sight of some of his obligations as an historical novelist. These Scottish fishermen of a hundred and twenty years ago use Americanisms like "fine" (in the sense of "feeling fine") and "half-a-dollar"; one would think of them as contemporaries, did they not belong to a calling that, to our imagination, seems almost as ageless as the element on which it is exercised. And, similarly, the emotional experiences which bring Finn to manhood, though expressed in terms which would have seemed strange to his generation, have nothing specifically modern about them; this is the way a lad of his temperament, in his circumstances, might have felt in any epoch. Perhaps Mr. Gunn's nearest approach to modern ways of thinking is to be found in his acceptance of certain psychological facts which a severer moralist would have censured. Finn is not blamed, nor does he greatly blame himself, for his exceedingly ungenerous attitude towards his mother's second marriage. The fact that the love-making of two middle-aged persons, one of whom was his mother, jarred on the sensibility of a boy in his late teens, is implicitly held to be a sufficient reason for his cutting himself—temporarily, at any rate—off from them. Was it sufficient? Should he have tried harder to swallow his resentment? A difficult question and, in the circumstances, perhaps irrelevant; for Mr. Gunn does not argue, he sings, and often sings beautifully.

*Novelist-playwright* MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, F.R.S.L., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., *sat in a New York studio for his portrait in clay by* LAURENCE TOMPKINS, *American sculptor. Mr. Maugham left his Riviera villa in haste last year when the Germans penetrated into France, and he is now making his home in America.*

**In at the Death.** To be in at the death of anything or anybody confers a momentary prestige; and if the thing or the person be important enough, the prestige is more than momentary. "Looking for Trouble" is a record of being in at the death — not so much physical death, for Miss Virginia Cowles did not see a great deal of bloodshed during her tours of unquiet countries, beleaguered towns, and battlefields up and down war-stricken Europe—but the death of countries, the dissolution of systems, the end of epochs. In 1934, after a twelve-months' trip from London to Tokyo, she wrote an article, which "soon dated sadly," entitled "The Safe, Safe World." In 1937 she visited Republican Spain as a newspaper correspondent, and found the world of Valencia and Madrid anything but safe. From Republican Spain, after a brief respite in France, she went to Nationalist Spain; from Spain to London, and then back again to Spain. Four months before the Munich Agreement, she visited Czechoslovakia; later, in Germany, she watched the tension growing; back again in Prague she waited till it reached breaking-point before returning to England. When it broke, she was once more in Prague, a witness of the agonies and sufferings of the Czech people, betrayed, as they mistakenly believed, by the "pressure" that England was supposed to have put on France. One of the many services that Miss Cowles has done to history is to affirm the fact, never fully realised at the time, that it was France, not England, which failed to support Czechoslovakia.

The story of the French *débâcle* [she says] was never published, for fear of rupturing the Franco-British alliance, and the international Press continued to attribute the entire responsibility to British "pressure."

Many critics of the Munich Agreement no doubt still refuse to believe this, and will go on refusing to believe it, so powerless is fact to influence opinion. Nor did our statesmen read the lesson which seemed so plain: that an Ally which had signally failed us in one crisis would almost certainly do so in another. Even Miss Cowles, it seems to me, who knows the facts, is slightly impatient with us for not pursuing a forward policy which only the whole-hearted support of the French would have given any chance of success.

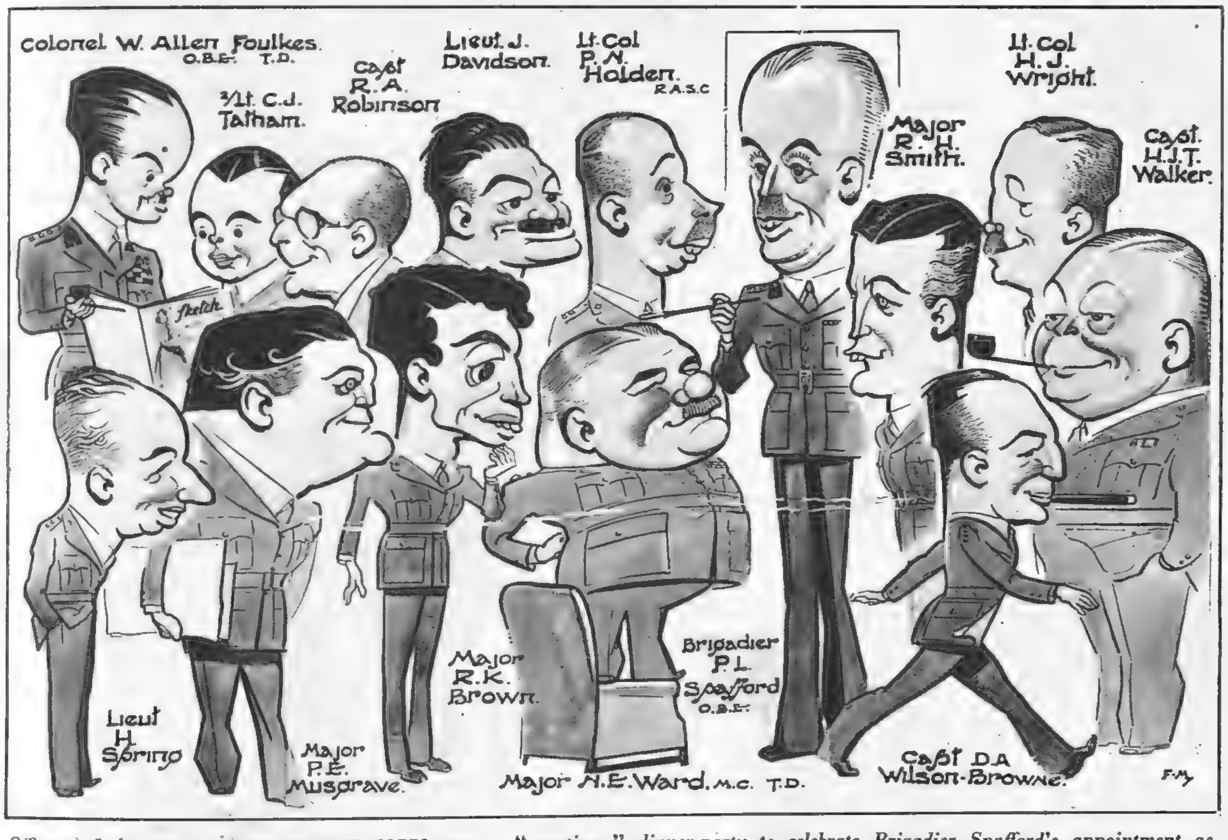
**An Interview.** She has her prejudices, but on the whole she is an admirably impartial observer, as her visit to Russia, her next important " assignment," shows. After Russia, Italy, and a very characteristic interview with Mussolini.

" Do you think I 'm a despot ? " he rasped.
" Oh no," I said weakly.
" Do you think my people admire me ? "
" Oh yes."
" Do you think I have led them to war against their will ? "
" Oh no."
" Do you think they believe in their cause ? "
" Oh yes."
" Well, then, go home and tell the people of America that."

The sands were now running out, and a less intrepid woman (or man, for that matter) would have made for home. Not so Miss Cowles ; this stormy petrel posted off to Berlin, and did not reach England until the evening before war was declared. Nor did war deter her. Soon she was in Rumania, keeping an eye on the war in Poland, then in Finland, reporting the Russo-Finnish war ; then in Rome, where her English companions made her unpopular with the crowd ; then, after an interval in Paris, she left Paris in a friend's car, only a few hours ahead of the Germans.

" Looking for Trouble " is a wonderful, an astonishing record. Always interesting, but never tiresomely " bright," it combines the qualities of observation and reflection in a most unusual degree. It is personal in tone, but never impertinent, and when Miss Cowles meets important people they generally say something worth remembering. Though a superhuman traveller, a Mercury whose tracks it makes one giddy to follow, and a lion in the face of danger, in ordinary life (so far as we can be said to enjoy one) she appears to be a human being if not with the same limitations, yet as generally likeable, as ourselves. Europe at war, could not have found a more sympathetic, intelligent, and good-humoured spectator and interpreter of its troubles.

**Ruins in London.** " History Under Fire " is another kind of commentary on the war, written in the stone and brick and plaster of London's bombed and mutilated buildings. Mr. Cecil Beaton has undertaken the melancholy task of photographing the remains and, thanks to his genius with the camera, they often appear as dramatic and beautiful as Piranesi prints, and as strange and arresting as *surréaliste* paintings. Not always, however, for there is a dreary quality about rubble




*Officers of the* ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS *gave a " greetings " dinner-party to celebrate Brigadier Spafford's appointment as Deputy Director of Supply and Transport at a certain station. He was at the War Office for several years, and is a genial soldier with a great capacity for story-telling.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

and rubbish which not even the most inspired angle of vision can disguise ; and the charm or terror of the incongruous palls after a while. Mr. James Pope-Hennessy, who writes the letterpress, has divided his meditations among the ruins into three sections : The Attack on Mediæval and Renaissance London ; the Attack on Wren's London ; the Attack on Hanoverian London. The bent of his mind inclines him to the mediæval, and there is much feeling in his laments for the churches of Austin Friars and Allhallows, Barking ; but catholic in taste as in religion, he finds much to mourn in the destroyed Wren churches, in Nash's injured terraces round Regent's Park, and even in the damage to Victorian London, which (he observes) has stood up to the bombing better than the work of Georgian builders. He is a delightful guide ; humorous, erudite, with an unusual gift for enriching learning with sensibility. He is not always quite accurate. It was the Countess of Salisbury who ran round the block with the headsman after her, not the Countess of Shrewsbury ; and the one monument in Old St. Paul's that survived intact the Fire of London was not a Bishop's, but a Dean's. But these are small blemishes on the surface of a book which, thanks to the happy collaboration of Mr. Beaton and Mr. Pope-Hennessy, has created loveliness out of destruction.

*Besides arranging dances* ANNA DUSE, *dancer, designed the dresses for the new satirical " Ambassador's Revue." As the Ministry of Supply only sent coupons a week before the opening, curtains, towels and lace had to be used, and they look amazingly good. Miss Duse has worked with Massine, Balanchine and de Valois ; this is her first excursion into revue.*

**The Softer Sex.** Miss Brand has succeeded in imparting to " Death in High Heels " a pleasantly natural atmosphere — a charm which even the rude irruption of murder cannot dissipate. The victim and the chief suspects are women, and the author seems particularly gifted in dealing with the softer sex. As far, however, as this book is concerned, the epithet seems scarcely a happy one, for the male characters in their various ways are capable of displaying as much emotionalism, imagination, sentimentality and irresponsibility as could be expected of the most Victorian miss ; whereas there are times when the women possess a toughness hard to associate with their extraordinary beauty. The young and impressionable detective found it increasingly difficult to keep his feet or his head ; and he certainly deserves sympathy, for so much dazzling loveliness, so much persistent lying and concealment, further complicated by one or two odd coincidences, might have floored a man of more experience and less susceptibility. They did indeed floor the self-satisfied Mr. Smithers, whose downfall illogically gives the reader more satisfaction than that of the actual criminal.

**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

**The Silver Darlings.** By Neil M. Gunn. (*Faber and Faber ; 10s. 6d.*)
**Looking for Trouble.** By Virginia Cowles. (*Hamish Hamilton ; 12s. 6d.*)
**History Under Fire.** By James Pope-Hennessy and Cecil Beaton. (*Batsford ; 8s. 6d.*)
**Death in High Heels.** By Christianna Brand. (*The Bodley Head ; 7s. 6d.*)

*The sixteenth of our* NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of " The Sketch."*

# "UNDER THE SUN"— THE ARMY'S OWN REVUE

*Seven gifted A.T.S. are the Girls of the Army's own entertainment unit, which recently produced "Under the Sun." They are here making up in an improvised green-room.*

SUB-LEADER SMITH, VOLUNTEER YOUNG *and* VOLUNTEER CROOME *(l. to r.) and* VOLUNTEER P. HILL-SMITH *and* VOLUNTEER Y. LEDDRA *(right) being coached by* MISS DOREEN AUSTIN.

*"Censored!"* LIEUT. AUBREY DEXTER *and* VOLUNTEER R. CROOME *in one of their amusing numbers.*

THE Entertainment Unit of London District was formed in May 1941, and has recently presented its first show, a successful revue, "Under the Sun," which has been given six times a week at different military establishments, including out-of-the-way balloon and gun sites. The company consists of seven A.T.S. volunteers, who include girls with stage and cabaret experience, thirteen men and one officer, Lieut. Aubrey Dexter, stage and screen actor. Under his guidance the company has acquired the polish of a professional show. The unit has a spacious Chelsea house as its H.Q. When not on rehearsal the men and girls are fully occupied with their military duties. The unit provides its own transport, and what's more, pays for it out of its own funds.

*The audience are kept in fits of laughter by the compère's witty chatter.*

*"Join the Army and See the World":* GUNNER E. THOMAS *(centre) with* VOLUNTEERS LEDDRA *and* CROOME.

*Left: "Madame La Zonga and some of her daughters" introduce La Conga on the stage.*

# CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

*R.A.F., England.*

MY DEAR HANK,

Here I am at last in England. Gee, but it 's been a long grind since I first joined up in this racket! Remember how we speculated as to what my first impressions of England and the English would be, and how you thought the high-falutin' accent would tickle me? Well, it 's not the accent, Hank—it 's the language. God-dam, but it ties me into knots! I 've got half an hour, old boy (look at that "old boy"—I 'm becoming as bad as the guys over here!), so I 'll be able to describe to you the agonies I went through when I first arrived at this station.

I was sitting by the bar in the mess on my first evening here and was kind of anxious to find another Canadian with whom I could talk, so I ups and speaks to an English air-gunner

*The photographer was cheesed-off.*

*"Gone for a Burton in the drink."*

"Any other Canucks in the dump, bud?" I asked. He smiles at me—they 're pretty nice-looking, some of these boys—and says: "The last Canadian went for a Burton in the drink, I believe."

Naturally, I reckon he 's kinda mixed up in words. "When will he be back?" I ask.

"When will who be back?" The English boy looks a bit puzzled, see.

"Why, the Canuck who 's gone for a drink," I reply. My, but did that guy have a good laugh! Apparently, if you go for a "Burton" you crash or prang your aircraft, and the "drink" is the sea. Get the idea? He meant that the last Canadian on the station crashed into the sea. Sorta cute, eh? The language, I mean.

But that was merely the prologue, just an introduction to this Air Force jargon. I chin-wag with this fellow for quite a while. Presently he asks me if I am a "sprog" (a new pilot), and when I answer in the affirmative he informs me that I should go into a little room opposite, where I can obtain some "hot gen."

Well, there I was—not having had anything to eat for at least seven hours—on the verge of starvation, as you might say. Anyways, I go over to this little room, but it turns out to be a sort of office, and not a sign of food anywhere. Then I hear the guy next to me say, ". . . and there 's not much 'gen' in this notice, either." Sold again. "Gen," it seems, is information; "hot" or "pukka gen" being authentic, "duff" being, as it implies, useless.

Realising my mistake, I go over to this English air-gunner again to ask him if I can obtain a meal anywhere.

"No," he replies, "you 've 'had' it." Well, I explain to the limit of my ability, Hank, that I have not eaten for seven hours and that my last meal consisted of one poached egg on toast. He apologises and explains that "had," spoken with a certain intonation, means that you have not had, and certainly will not get, whatever it is you need. (Paradoxical is hardly strong enough to describe some of this slang; it 's diabolical!)

*To prang your aircraft.*

The following day I commence my flying duties. The Flight Commander tells me to report to a room for Link Trainer instruction.

"You 'll find it easily enough," he informs me. "It 's got 'clickety-click' over the door." Strange, very strange; and I do suspect something, but it 's twenty minutes before an "erk" (aircraft man) enlightens me. "Clickety-click" stands for sixty-six!

Well, it was nearly a fortnight before I actually climbed into an aircraft and took off. My instructor, a tall, lanky New Zealander with hair all over his face, and the maroon square of the Southland XV. gavotting around his long neck, is a first-class guy and a peach to fly with.

Here again, however, the language defeats me. Even he, a New Zealander, had adopted this Service jargon. We were walking over towards our aircraft, flying clothing on and parachutes bobbing behind us, when he turns to me and says: "I don't know whether this box is any use. I think it 's U.S." Well, that sure pipped me, Hank. There was an instructor with over one thousand flying hours in his log-book, and he thought that America produced "Wimpies" (Wellington bombers). Anyway, when I decide to extirpate his illusion, he patiently explains that he had never mentioned the birthplace of this machine at all; in other words, he had said US, and not U.S.—the former letters standing for unserviceable.

I suppose that you will soon be over here with the Army and that the language will not present so many, apparently, insurmountable obstacles.

To continue: we fly around doing circuits and "bumps" for about an hour and a half. Suddenly he says: "All right, I 've got her; I think we had better get down now. I 'm feeling a bit fagged." Thus ended my first day's flying. However, I 've managed to put in a great many flying hours since, and expect to get a crack at the *Luftwaffe* in a very short time. Believe me, I managed to master this 'plane before I mastered the slang.

*It 's the language that ties me in knots.*

Imagine my surprise when I suddenly walk into another Canadian on the station (I had begun to believe that our 'drome was about the only one in the country which was not swarming with Canucks). I find that he is in the photographic department and that he is a great guy. But imagine my astonishment at hearing him say, "Gee, but I 'm cheesed-off!" As a matter of fact, I am quite able to interpret that, as it sounds so like "browned-off" and "brassed-off," the three phrases meaning the same thing—"fed up."

*US. stands for unserviceable.*

I found things over here mighty different to what I had been used to back home, and so will you. The best advice I can give you is, "Don't let it get you down"; the English don't.

Actually, it is a bit of a shock to see gigantic buildings hammered to pulp; to find you can't get your old corn on the cob or your usually ubiquitous "Camels." Just remember that these guys are at war and that, minute as it might appear to you after Canada, Britain packs a punch which is going to bat Jerry clean out of Europe.

Give my love to the old folks, you old "brown-type," you. Am off to "aviate" now.

Cheers, BRICK CHALMERS.

# "BED, BATH AND BREAKFAST." *

By LORETTA BURROUGH.

MRS. REMY put her hand up to her cheek as though to touch the frosty sweetness of the October evening upon it. No need to cover her asters to-night; there was a nice little wind stirring, and the sky had patches of soft, milky clouds among the stars.

Then she turned to peer north and south on Route 1, anxiously, because it was getting late. Her lighted sign swung at the edge of the road, lettered in white and green, *Ye Olde Maine Rest. Bed, Bath and Breakfast.* Mr. Remy had painted the sign, hating it. A sign-painter, that was what he had been before the arthritis got into his fingers; he still did a little job now and then for neighbours, but regular commercial work couldn't wait on his crippled hands.

Mrs. Remy sighed. Pa dreaded the night when something nasty would happen in his house, like a murder or a suicide, with all those strangers trooping in and out. When they had hung out the gay little sign, he had sputtered, "Ma, the first time someone who isn't respectable sleeps under this roof, we give up the house and go to live with Millie and Tom. You promise me, Ma?" Mrs. Remy detested her daughter-in-law and would have chosen the devil in preference as a housemate, but she had promised.

Route 1 was active to-night. The cars roared past with a steady whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. Making for the cities, she thought, Portland in the north or Holbrook in the south, preferring a stuffy hotel with a lobbyful of palms and plenty of dirt in dark corners to her clean house. Mrs. Remy made a small noise much like a sniff. She might as well turn out the lights and go to bed.

Then she paused, because her practised ear had caught a different sound on Route 1; a car was coming slowly from the south. Tourists drove slowly when they were thinking of stopping for the night. She saw the car now, a small dark coupé; it went by, then stopped and backed up.

Ah! Mrs. Remy thought, like a fisherman who feels a sharp tug and struggle at the end of his line. The car shone under the slight film of road dust, and its lights were in good working order. Although it was not easy to do without their money, she generally refused the cars that drove in dirty and with a light gone. Their passengers were apt to be sloppy in other ways, too, and Pa would not tolerate rag-tag and bobtail people. It 's Pa's uselessness, she thought tenderly, that gives him his royal ideas.

She walked towards the car as it halted in the driveway; she was tingling with the excitement that always touched her before the first look at her guests. It was up to her now to protect Pa's sensitiveness and at the same time save herself from Millie. What was more, she loved strangers and their strange ways—she enjoyed piecing them together like a detective, from conversation, from their luggage, from the often amazing débris they left in their tin wastebaskets. Once she had found in a wastebasket a squat, smelly gin bottle that had been drained to the last drop—her heart had jumped like a flea until she had got the bottle safely out of the house where Pa couldn't lay eyes on it.

"Good evening," she said, in a tone that committed her to nothing, as she reached the side of the car. She used her eyes carefully on the dim occupants. Two women; that was good. Women, without men along, were quiet and well behaved, and Pa did not fret as he did with a couple about whether they were married or not.

The girl who was driving leaned out and smiled, and said in a pleasant voice, "Good evening." A nice voice, Mrs. Remy thought. Her clothes were good, too, not loud or cheap. "Could we have a double room for the night?" the girl asked.

This was the split second in which Mrs. Remy must make up her mind. She peered in at the other woman beside the driver. She was plain-faced, neat, and carefully waved dark hair escaped from under a plain, neat hat. There was no tinge of liquor on the air, and the floor wasn't littered with paper bags and pop bottles, proving they were not cheap eaters. Mrs. Remy made up her mind.

"Yes. Would you like to see the room?" she said.

"The house seems so nice, I won't bother." The girl suddenly looked pale and worn, as though now that she knew where she would spend the night, she had relaxed. "We 're just anxious to get to bed. We 've had a hard drive, and my sister has an attack of laryngitis——"

Mrs. Remy said "Tck-tck," pityingly. Mr. Remy did not care for sick people in his house, but she had never heard of laryngitis being mortal. "I know what it is to suffer with the throat——" she said. "Here 's Mr. Remy now. He 'll take your luggage and lock up the garage." She waited until she saw Pa pick up his job of host, courteous but distant as a spectre, and then went into the house.

She gave them the best bedroom at the back of the house, where Route 1 wouldn't whoosh so loudly, and hung the good towels over a chair; with women, there was practically no danger of razor-cuts in towels. She was just opening the windows to cool the room off a bit when Mr. Remy came in with their baggage. They followed him, the smaller girl smiling a little.

"Such a pleasant room!" she said. The tall girl went over to the window, looked out into the dark orchard, and said in an almost inaudible whisper, "Very nice." Mrs. Remy noticed that their luggage was plain but good, and not plastered with many-coloured labels; she preferred homebodies.

"The bathroom is the first door to your right. If I 've forgotten anything——" She lingered a little. But the tall girl just stood by the window, looking out without speaking, and the little one only smiled, so Mrs. Remy said good night and left them. She knew what it was to be tired, too.

Mr. Remy was waiting for her in the hall. "All right, Pa?" she said.

"Who knows?" he said gloomily. "This business of filling the house with strangers——"

But she knew that Pa actually approved, and she went down the stairs comforted. The two dollars they would give her in the morning would be two more little stones in the wall she was building against Millie.

The girls left early in the morning, but not too early for Mrs. Remy, who was always up in time to see her guests go. She followed them to the car, her hand folded on the clean new bills they had given her. The bright sunlight made the tall one look plain indeed.

"I hope your throat gets better real soon," Mrs. Remy said.

"Thank you," she whispered, and got into the car.

The other one stepped on the starter. "Finding your lovely house to stay at was a godsend," she said. The little car slipped out of the lane, and melted into the buzzing anonymity of Route 1. Mrs. Remy went into the house to strip their beds and ready the room for the next guests. They had really not been at all interesting, she reflected disappointedly as she went up the stairs; just nice, respectable women.

When she came down again Mr. Remy was on the back porch, soaking in the rich October sunshine, the morning paper across his thin knees. "Gone?" he said.

"Ye-es——" She had been wrong about the girls; they were interesting all right. There was nothing she longed to do more than to burst out, as most women could to their husbands, and say, "Pa, *look* what I found in the bathroom under a towel—just where one of them must have put it down and forgotten it! What *are* girls coming to nowadays?" But it wouldn't do at all; her fingers coiled secretively about the object in her apron pocket.

"H'm——" Mr. Remy said, without looking up. "We 've been lucky so far. But some day a pair like *this*"—his finger punched at the paper—"is going to stop at our house, and then what 'll we do?" He rattled the newspaper. "I see here where some gangster and his girl robbed a Holbrook bank yesterday and got clean away. Sooner or later, we 'll get guests like *that*." He thumped the paper under his arthritic hands, looking up at her fiercely with his blue, ageing eyes.

A hard, strange ball suddenly jumped into Mrs. Remy's throat, and she put out her hand for the wall's support. That tall, awkward girl, who didn't speak because of her laryngitis—she stared down into Pa's eyes. She had promised him faithfully, hadn't she? But he couldn't be happy in Millie's house, any more than she could.

She took a deep breath and said quietly, "Wait till the time comes, Pa." Her fingers knotted about the bulge in her apron pocket. She had thrown out a gin bottle once. She guessed she could hide a few burnt matches and a pipe where Pa wouldn't be likely to find them.

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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THE great British furriers are creating beautiful furs for export, as the Government wish them so to do. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing in their Oxford Street Salons a collection that has been designed and carried out by Selincourt and Sons, of 3, Vere Street. Many new dyes and styles are represented. A special feature is made of Canadian squirrel dyed a rich black coffee shade; it is lustrous, hence remarkably flattering. It is of this fur that the coat on the right is made. A high collar, the shape of the sleeves and the working of the skins are of interest. Canadian musquash is dyed to look like kolinsky. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the prices of the furs are going up.

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# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YOU can call it premature, or anything else you please," The Broker permitted, "but I repeat that many people are buying for after-the-war. Shares like Gas, Light and Coke; stocks such as Argentine Railways; brick companies' shares, commercial aircraft——"

"Didn't know there were any," The Jobber commented. "Surely the companies are all very busily engaged on war work?"

"No doubt they are, but the day will come for them to get back to peace conditions, and they will be able to change over from war to peace without a great deal of difficulty or expense."

"There will be enormous developments in commercial and private aviation after the war," The City Editor foresaw. "I 'm not so sure that this won't hit the railways to some extent."

"Look well ahead," The Engineer advised, "and you will see the railway companies taken over by the Government and turned into a national service on the lines of the Post Office."

"It will be either that, or," The Merchant suggested, "we shall have one big Transport Board managing the railways as a single system."

"Isn't that what is happening now? The companies pool their receipts, and each one takes an agreed percentage of the aggregate profits."

"If there were a National Transport Board, wouldn't that be a bad thing for to-day's railway stockholders?"

"I should say it would be to their advantage," declared The Broker, "and that 's why I think it 's right to have Home Rails. The stockholders would be paid in a Government stock, after arbitration."

"It 's going to be a very big job for the lawyers."

"And others. But war conditions have given the Government a practical foundation to work upon. I believe Home Railway stocks are the things to have as a post-war proposition."

"Which do you mean?" The Merchant asked. "The junior stocks or the better-class varieties?"

"Oh, the juniors, for choice. Southern preferred, Berwick Seconds, Great Western ordinary, and Brum Twenty-Three preference. There 's more scope for talent in them than in the gilt-edged stocks, don't you think?"

"That wasn't such a bad tip of yours in Imperial Tobaccos," remarked The Engineer. "I wished afterwards I had followed it myself."

"It wasn't a tip," The Broker denied. "Nor was it intended to be one. I told you that Imps. were a good investment——"

"You didn't know they were going up ten shillings soon afterwards?"

"If I had known that, you wouldn't see me sitting here to-day," The Broker retorted. "I should have made my fortune and——"

"What use would that have been to you? You couldn't travel. You couldn't buy a lemon, or an extra ten gallons of petrol. You couldn't have a week-end at Le Touquet——"

"There 's the 'Clipper,'" observed The Jobber. "But who wants to get away at a time like this? Must stop and see it through, whatever happens. I wouldn't be out of it for worlds."

"They tell me that the 'Clipper' is booked up for weeks ahead," The Merchant remarked. "By the way, haven't P. & O. deferred gone ahead! I hadn't the cash or the courage to buy them when Brokie gave us the tip——"

"And that wasn't a tip, either," The Broker expostulated. "You twist sound investment advice into a giddy gamble. That 's not the idea at all. If I told you to buy Russo-Asiatics at twopence, or Spies Petroleum at a ha'penny, that would be a different matter."

"I don't know why people care for that sort of thing when they might have Mawchi Mines, which yield nearly 15 per cent. on the money. Their wolfram is always in demand; war or peace. The shares give you a good return, so why play about with gambling counters that won't pay dividends for years unless a miracle happens?"

"My dear fellow, some people like to back the miracle. Because they can buy thousands of shares for a ha'porth of cash, they think the risk is worth taking. After all, it 's only option money."

"You litter up your strong-box. And most of us have accumulated so much waste paper that we tremble to imagine what our executors will think of us when they go through our certificates."

"That 's the principal reason," sighed The Jobber, "why I am afraid to die young. 'Missed the boat' you say? Not a bit of it. Charon promised to come back for me: that 's what sticks."

"Spelt S-t-y-x, I suppose? You can't ship the certificates across his ferry, you know."

"No, but the Bank of England has taken my few American shares and landed them on the other side of the Big Drink."

"He who sticks to gilt-edged stocks will come out best in the long run," The City Editor sagely declared.

"I bought myself a few Darwins the other day," confessed The Engineer. "Ten-shilling shares: I paid five-and-nine. Darwin ordinary."

"What is the origin of their species?"

("Not too bad for you," nodded The City Editor.)

"They make a special kind of steel. Recent history pretty poor, but the Company has just returned to the dividend list, and I fancied them for a bob or two rise. Bit of a spec."

"The after-the-war Battalion has been buying Argentine Railway stocks, I 'm told. Can't quite see why. The traffics aren't too good, and the earnings must be poor."

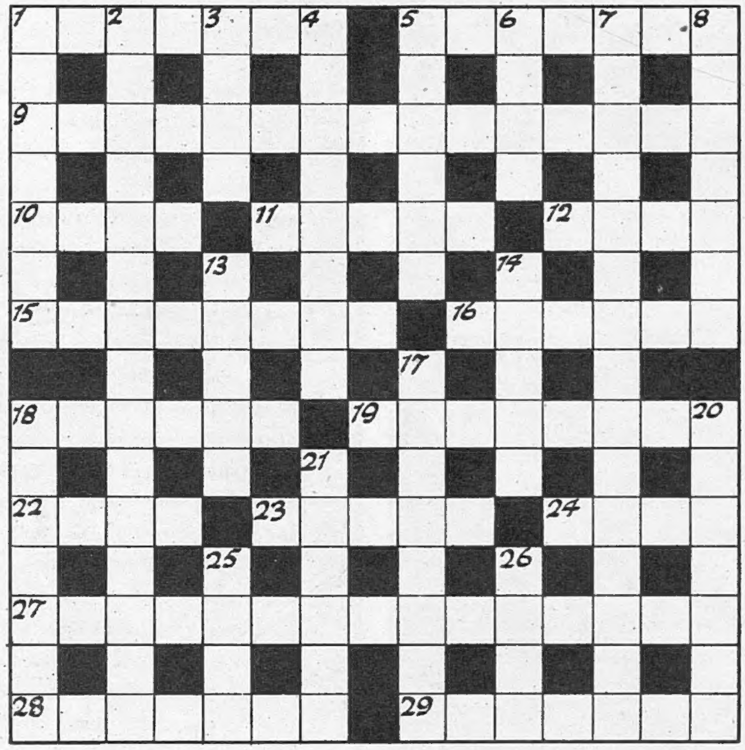
"Locusts are what they more usually suffer from," The Broker corrected. "And after the war, the Argentine will be called upon to feed a starving world."

"I wish," said The Jobber, "that somebody would look far enough ahead to want my National War Bonds. I can't sell the stuff that I subscribed for in a moment of enthusiasm. And I bought twice as much as I could afford."

"Don't you worry," replied The Broker. "There are thousands of other people in the same position. You 'll have a chance of selling before long—very likely at a profit, too."

*Friday, July 25, 1941.*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Scotland Yard is indeed resolved! (7).
5. India's present good fortune (7).
9. A band of bowmen (two words; 5, 10).
10. One flower that came up (4).
11. A receiver seems to be the victim of the attack (5).
12. Sounds such a debased game (4).
15. A case of taking one's time in music (8).
16. No. 26 Down (6).
18. French cup and its contents (6).
19. Give G.B.S. the boot? (8).
22. Easy arrangement in the aviary (4).
23. Shameful number (5).
24. "———— and Cam, to patient science dear,'" wrote Wordsworth (4).
27. The bearing of one who is simply fuming? (two words; 7, 8).
28. Author of "Sherston's Progress" (7).
29. A football team always puts on weight (7).

DOWN.

1. Sandy rewards (7)
2. Songs for a special time (two words; 9, 6).
3. Eat and upset the girl (4).
4. Caused by failure to keep one's head above water (8).
5. The menial with a lot of rupees and a lock opener (6).
6. I have left the leader for a cook (4).
7. Descriptive of a poor fellow faced with an extortionate charge for condiments? (four words; 3, 5, 3, 4).
8. How new soap may help our fighting men (7).
13. Perfect (5).
14. The round-the-world bird (5).
17. Fail to make a hit with the gallery (8).
18. Locks of hair (7).
20. You and I on the back of the boat (7).
21. Frolic in progress in old Spain (6).
25. Part of the Paris I love (4).
26. "Either be wholly slaves, or wholly ————" (Dryden) (4).

## SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 16.

ACROSS.—1. Four. 3. Five. 6. Diluted. 10. Call. 12. Canon. 13. Hero. 15. Undated. 16. Assured. 17. Lad. 19. Ally, 21. Beryl. 23. Pats. 28. Indigestion. 30. Inn. 32. Urn. 34. Saga. 36. Enter. 39. Ales. 40. Eats. 42. Avert. 44. Grin. 46. Slow. 47. Never. 48. Ease. 49. Level. 50. Daunt. 51. Draw. 52. Pots.

DOWN.—1. Fold. 2. Rice. 3. Fens. 4. Ever. 5. Canals. 7. Ladle. 8. Toady. 9. Create. 10. Cuba. 11. Lady. 13. Hump. 14. Odds. 18. Arrest. 20. Lying. 21. Bride. 22. Later. 24. Annul. 25. Add. 26. Six. 27. Kisses. 29. Insane. 31. Naval. 33. Regis. 35. Answer. 37. Novel. 38. Erred. 39. Argent. 41. Told. 42. Anew. 43. Trap. 45. Rats.

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*What interest do Defence Bonds pay?*

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*What are their other points?*

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*Where can I get them?*

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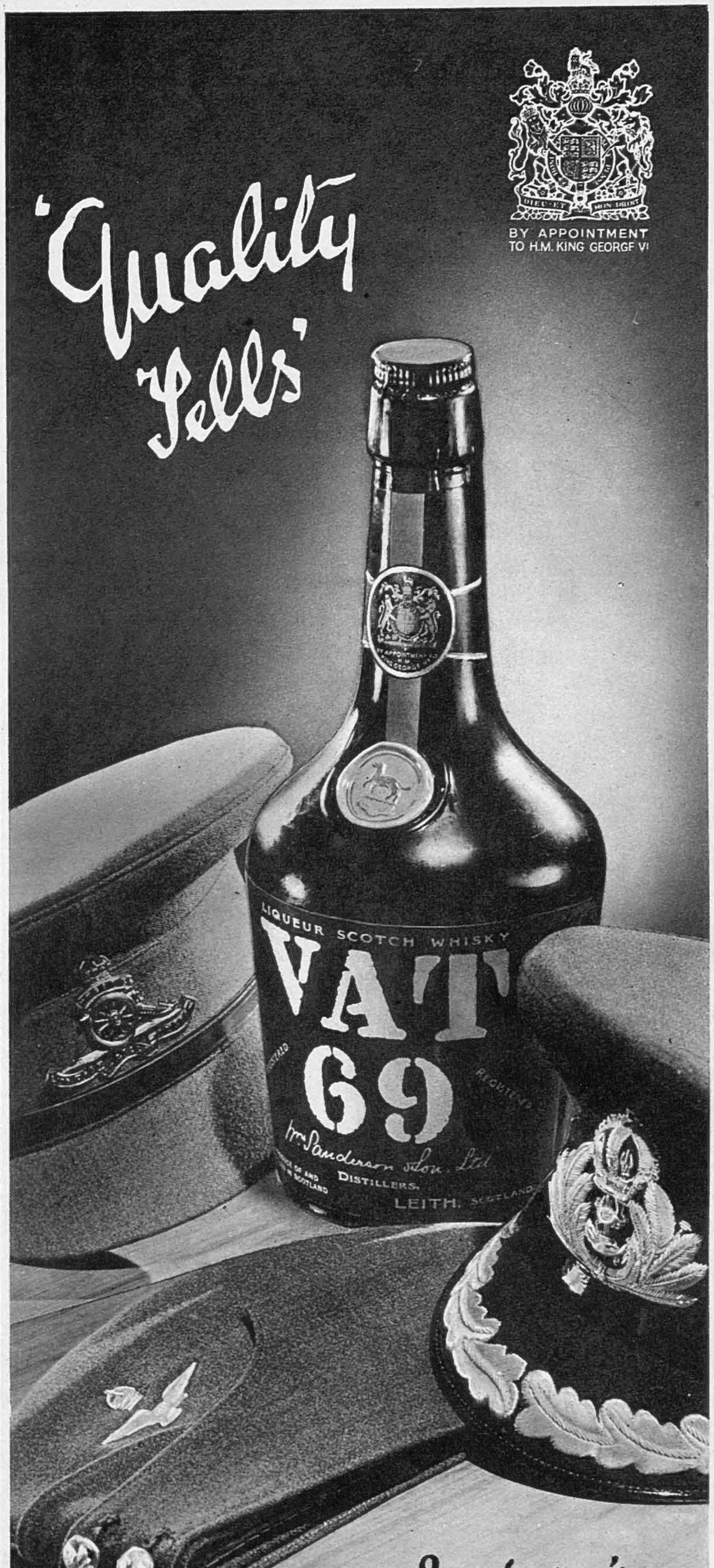


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*London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.*

FF267

**WARDONIA BLADES**
FOR BETTER SHAVES
SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6
FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS
Plus Purchase Tax.
Ask for them at N.A.A.F.I. Canteens

# Tropical Expedition

Since the conduct of war is more important than the acquisition of wardrobes, it is not surprising that officers sometimes find that they have to buy tropical uniforms against time. It is then a consolation to remember that we have, in our tropical department, everything you need, perfect in every regulation detail and in sizes to fit every figure. Within the hour you can be fully fitted out for the Orient. We have equipped entire battalions in this way while their ships have been virtually straining at their hawsers. With the consent of the commanding officer, we will visit quarters, take all measurements and deliver all kits without the loss of a military moment. Or, with a little extra time and at a small extra cost we can make tropical uniforms to measure.

## ARMY

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wolseley Helmet | 1 | 4 | 6 |
| Helmet Flash | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Service Dress Jacket (Buttons and Badges extra) | 2 | 15 | 0 |
| Cloth Belt | 0 | 5 | 9 |
| Slacks | 1 | 7 | 6 |
| Shorts | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Bush Shirt | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Tie | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Khaki Stockings from | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Puttees | 0 | 15 | 0 |

## R.A.F.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wolseley Helmet | 1 | 4 | 6 |
| Helmet Flash | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Tunic (Buttons and Badges extra) | 2 | 15 | 0 |
| Slacks | 1 | 7 | 6 |
| Shorts | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Bush Shirt | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Tie | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Khaki Stockings from | 0 | 5 | 0 |

*All prices include purchase tax.*

**AUSTIN REED**
**OF REGENT STREET**

**Aldershot, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Bristol, Droitwich, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.**